5 STORIES.

THE WIFE'S COUNSEL. IDA ILDERTON. THE MEETING. THE INDIAN BRIDE. THE OUTCAST.

-

THE WIFE'S COUNSEL.

By ELLEN ASHTON.

" Why are you so gloomy, Edmund?" said a happy wife and mother to her husband, as they sat together one evening after the tea things had been removed, " Why are you so gloomy? I have noticed it growing on you for some time past Tell me," she continued, looking fondly up into his face, " for if trouble causes it, I can share, even if I cannot alleviate, your sorrow."

The husband looked at her a minute with changing emotions of countenance, and replied,

"I will tell you, Ellen, although I am almost ashamed to do so. I have been speculating again, and—and I fear it will turn out to my loss."

There might have been seen, for a moment, by a close observer, an expression of reproach on the countenance of the wife ; but the look was involuntary ; and perhaps unperceived by the husband, for it faded like a sun cloud, almost as quickly as it came. She replied with a smile,

"And why should that make you gloomy! Are we not still comfortable? Shall the loss of a few dollars make you unhappy?"

" Alas! it is not the loss of a few dollars," said the husband deeply affected, "but of thousands, which I deplore. And all this might have been prevented

if I had only taken your advice. Again and again have you besought me not to engage in these gambling roads "to riches, but I have blindly," and he spoke with the deepest agitation, " gone on, disregarding all you have said, until now I have ruined you and our sweet babe. God forgive me for it," he said, bursting into tears, " but I have, by my folly, reduced you to poverty. Would that I had never been born!"

The wife's cheek paled, for she had not dreamed that her husband's fortune had been impaired to such an extent, but although she saw^ herself and her darling infant reduced to beggary, no words of condemnation rose to her lips, not even a look of reproach was turned on her husband. Even had she wished to censure him as the cause of their ruin she could not have done so, when the lover of her youth was sobbing before her. It is not often that a man weeps, and deep indeed must be that agony which can wring tears from his eyes. Ellen gazed on her husband, and as she saw the violence of his emotions she felt that he was sufficiently punished, that the torture of his spirit was teaching him a lesson, by which she hoped he would profit. We said she felt this, but we mistake—it was not until afterward that she thought on the subject; for at the sight of her husband's tears, at the sound of his penitential words every other emotion but that of sympathy was chased from her bosom and throwing her arms around his neck, she soothed him by kind words and bright hopes for the future.

" And what if we are beggars, dear Edmund?" she said, "have we not our little Henry still left to us?—are we not yet all in all to each other? Our heavenly father will not suffer us to want, and we can easily part with these luxuries that surround us. Believe me, we shall still be happy—perhaps happier than we have been here."

" No—no," said the husband with emotion, " I can never forgive myself for what I have done. For a week I have known this dreadful truth, and yet dared not tell you. But you are an angel. Oh! why did you not reproach me? I could have borne that better than this meek, this forgiving, this more than

mortal kindness. God forgive me for having made you a beggar!"

" Oh! talk not thus wildly, dear, dear Edmund," said the wife, " for you cut me to the heart. Let what has past be forgotten. Willingly, aye! gladly will I surrender these useless luxuries if it will only restore your peace of mind. We will—I know we will be happier in poverty than we have been in opulence, for the cares that have constantly harassed you will then trouble you no longer. Sweet little Henry," she continued, turning to the infant in its cradle, " see he has awoke and smiles on you. Let him not see a cloud of sorrow on his father's brow."

By such words did that sweet wife soothe her husband's troubled mind, and endeavor to reconcile him to the fate that was now inevitable.

Ellen Massey had been the only daughter of a widow. Her mother had brought her up with unusual care, early instilling into her mind correct principles, and teaching her that in religion alone would she find a guide in prosperity and a comforter in adversity. Ellen grew up accordingly with devout but unpretending piety. At the age of eighteen she saw her mother descend to the tomb, leaving her an orphan and almost friendless. Before her death Mrs. Massey had been induced, by the advice of some friends, to invest her little fortune in a stock company that promised enormous profits, and, at the time Ellen was left an orphan, the stock of this company had risen to such a height as to command double its original value. Mrs. Massey died, therefore, with the belief that her daughter would have a fortune sufficiently large to afford not only the elegancies but the luxuries of life. Alas! for the delusions of the times. A crisis came, and the company was suddenly reduced to insolvency. Ellen now became penniless. But, in this strait, her religion supported her, and instead of sitting down in useless repinings, she determined to earn her livelihood by becoming a governess. She soon found a situation, and here met Edmund Warren, a young gentleman of fortune and worth. Her modest demeanor attracted his notice, and he sought the acquaintance of the retiring governess. His friends

laughed at him for his intimacy with one whom they thought in a lower station of life, but Warren knew that it is worth only which bestows true rank, and he paid no attention, therefore, to the sneers of his gay advisers. Above all, he saw that Miss Massey was pious, and piety in a woman was necessary to ensure his love. This may sound strange in some ears, for Warren was confessedly a man of the world, but his mother had been truly religious, and he always pictured to himself a woman of like character as the one whom he would choose for a wife. There were many other estimable traits in him which Ellen could not fail to see, and she soon learned that her affections had been cast almost involuntarily upon Warren. The lover, at length, won a confession of this from the blushing girl. They were married, and Ellen found herself the bride of one of the wealthiest young men of the city.

But there was one foible in the character of Warren, which Ellen discovered a few months after their marriage, and which, had she known in the first hours of their acquaintance, might have prevented her from learning to love him. He teas ever thirsting after increased wealth . Rich as he was, he longed for greater opulence, and was continually engaged in schemes to add tens of thousands to his already large fortune. It was a season of great financial excitement, and men dreamed of amassing fortunes os the early discoverers of America dreamed of reaching El Dorado, of drinking from the magical fountain of life. A hundred speculations were afloat, all promising incredible returns to the adventurer. Into these speculations Warren plunged. His wife, remembering the loss of her own fortune, shuddered at any thing bearing the name of speculation, and besought her husband to rest content with what he had, and not risk all in striving after more. Warren yielded, in a measure, to her entreaties, embarking but a few thousand dollars in what appeared the most promising of various speculations presented to him. In some cases the venture proved fortunate, in others not But on the whole he rather won than lost. He adduced this as an argument to convince his wife, but she shook her head, and by her entreaties again induced him to forego his intention of embarking nearly his whole fortune in what promised to be

an unusually lucky adventure. The wife contended that speculation was but a legalized gambling, in which a few won while the great mass was ruined.

" They had enough," she said, "why should they wish for morel" Thus, again and again she prevailed, and more than once saved her husband's fortune. But on the birth of his boy the eagerness of the father to possess inordinate riches grew on him so that he could no longer resist it; and just at this crisis too a speculation presented itself which he fancied had no chance of a failure. Concealing his intentions from his wife, as he knew that she would not approve of them, he embarked his whole fortune in the undertaking. For nearly a year every thing went on prosperously, and Warren calculated that he had doubled his fortune. Still he said nothing to his wife, for the favorable moment to sell out had not, he thought, yet arrived, and he was resolved to say nothing to her until all was concluded, and he could surprise her by his success. " The end has not come yet," said he smilingly to himself But the end came too soon and with it ruin. Warren woke up one morning to find that he had been the dupe of sharpers; that the speculation had failed; that he was penniless. We have seen how he concealed the misfortune for a while, and how he at length confessed it to his wife.

Ellen was indeed an angel in this crisis. She gave up her luxurious house, her rich furniture, even many things that she had learned to consider comforts without a sigh. She saw that her husband was penitent. She doubted not that he was cured of his folly. The price indeed was fearful, but so long as his love remained to her she could be happy.

They removed to a small house, having but one room on a floor, but every thing was neat and as comfortable as the place would allow. Ellen was her own cook, and her husband when he came home from his work—for he had obtained a situation as a clerk—saw in her smiles a surety that she was happy. How then could he repine? He did not. He thought Ellen more beautiful in her common chintz dress and her tidy apron, than in the rich silks which she bad once worn in still richer saloons; and thinking thus, and

witnessing her content, and feeling that she was happy in despite of his folly, his heart melted, and he enjoyed a felicity such as he never could have attained in his days of opulence. Still that little family had sorrowful hours; for often, when their babe was sick, they had to deny it comforts that wealth could have commanded, and once, when Warren himself fell ill, and was confined for months to the house, their scanty funds melted away, until the wife was compelled to take in sewing to support them. In that dark hour the religion of Ellen again came to her aid, and her husband learned to emulate her piety. But when the father recovered from his long illness, they were so deeply in debt that they were forced to relinquish their house, and content themselves with a single room. To such lengths had the insane thirst for money-making reduced that innocent wife and child.

Long, long years passed away, and although at length Warren struggled up from poverty into a competence, it was not until his brow was wrinkled by toil and care, nor before the threads of silver began to appear amid the beautiful tresses of his wife. When, finally, he was once more above want, and had secured enough to keep his family for the remainder of his life, the first lesson which he taught his children was to beware of making haste to get rich, and of its attendant curse, the thirst for speculation.

And to this admonition the silver voice of the mother .was never wanting.

This is no tale of a disordered fancy. It is a sad story of life as it is. It presents, too, the bright side of the picture; for alas! how many, who have been ruined by this demon speculation, have never been able to struggle up from poverty, but have seen their wives and little ones, perish piece-meal before their eyes, when forced to suffer hardships for which neither their habits nor constitutions had adapted them.

pag. 91.

IDA ILDERTON.

By H. J. BOWLES.

A warm and delightful evening in the middle of July was fast closing, the deep clouds of night were rolling majestically over the horizon, bearing darkness and silence onward, and telling that nature was hastening to repose. The inhabitants of a fashionable square had risen from their dinner-tables, and in all the drawing rooms might be seen the light of numerous chandeliers, and groups of lovely women seeking amusement: some with the latest novels, others with lively conversation, and some (and they were not a few) sat inhaling the delightful breeze, loaded with the perfume of the flowers which were placed around the rooms and on the balconies. In one of the principal houses of the square, and in a magnificent drawing-room sat Ida Ilderton, the loveliest belle of the season, surrounded by all those little luxuries which are so indispensably necessary to highly-refined women; where a consciousness of high birth and large possessions are augmented by mental culture and intellectual attainments. On a low ottoman at the feet of Ida lay a beautiful greyhound decked with roses, and a small, delicate love-bird rested on one of her richly-jewelled hands, while a handkerchief of lace was held carelessly in the other. She sat apparently unconscious of the admiration she excited, and talked in a low voice to the bird, who picked anxiously at the snowy hand which supported it. Ida's beauty was captivating; it was so delicate, so pure. Her face was cast in the Grecian mould, with sleeping orbs, veiled with dark lashes, resting on her delicately-tinged cheek; her mouth was small, and at each corner of her coral lips sat a light curve, displaying her pearly teeth. Her smile had a charm perfectly irresistible.

On this night she wore white Mechlin lace over rich white satin, and a girdle of silver confined her sylph-like waist; her sleeve fell over her arm to the elbow, and then displayed a beauty of contour , a classical perfection, which

Praxitiles vainly had attempted to surpass; her band was equally faultless, and the long taper fingers were whiter than the handkerchief they held. Around her were bouquets of flowers, and vases filled with oriental perfume stood beside her; the rich plumage of far-famed birds gleamed from cages of golden wire; pedestals of marble and scagliola supported pale cold statues, or bijouterie and articles of vertu; thus the room was one delicious temple, dedicated to Luxury and Art. Ida had sat playing with the bird for some time without noticing her guests, who had sought different occupations till the gentlemen arose from dinner, and most of them had gone with Mrs. Ilderton to walk in the conservatory, leaving Ida and her favorites together. At length the gentlemen ascended to coffee, and the ladies returned to the drawing-room, when conversation light and fashionable began to circulate among the different groups. Near Ida sat a favorite cavalier of the party, vainly endeavoring to obtain a glance from her lovely eyes; and opposite to her, apparently engaged in looking at a print, stood the heir to an earldom, wishing he was the bird, or the greyhound, or the handkerchief, or anything that Ida loved or admired; but Ida neither looked at the one nor the other.

"It was the opinion of Charles the Fifth, Miss Ilderton," said the heir, " that we speak English to birds."

" And Italian to ladies," was the cool answer. " Why not speak la bella lingua to me, if you follow the Emperor's maxim?

Ida smiled as he said this, and glanced toward a window, where sat a young man, holding a cup of coffee in an easy manner, perfectly displaying a finely-formed white hand, and seemingly intent on taking the pattern of the carpet in his mind's eye, to compare it with others on some future occasion.

" Listen!" said Ida, starting from her couch; " there is music and the sound of a harp was heard beneath the balcony. Instantly the windows were thrown open, and the visitors rushed to hear the Harpiste; while Ida drew near the farthest, and stood by the silent young gentleman, who smiled, and offered

a chair as she approached. From the blaze of light within, and the brightness of the gas without, the figure and face of the Harpiste were clearly seen, and her rapid and brilliant execution astonished and delighted her audience.

"I have seldom heard such a thrilling touch," remarked Ida. " What a pity she should play thus, and find such small encouragement: for nothing but absolute necessity could have obliged her to seek bread by itinerant playing."

" She is une demoiselle Francoise ," said the young man, gazing firmly on Ida's lovely face. Listen! there, she sings!" and a perfectly natural voice arose in all its wild beauty, singing a pathetic French romance.

" Has she not a pretty style, Mr. Beresford?" asked Ida, who seemed pleased with the musician; " I fancy there is a touch of romance about her. I feel an interest in her; she is as youthful as myself, and a wanderer."

" You are a little enthusiastic creature, Ida," was the answer. "Now, surely, you do not fancy her a princess in disguise, or a maiden escaped from a haunted castle, where some malignant genii confined her. Tell me, what do you imagine?"

" Some disappointment; a faithless lover; a father banished for breaking the laws; and, after a bright happy girlhood, she becomes what she is now, with a life of desolation before her. Have I drawn a touching picture Beresford? Is not that sufficient misery for a novel?"

" Not quite; truth is stranger than fiction. I am sure Ida there is more real wretchedness, more deep misery, in many hearts than any novel could describe (and Ferdinand Beresford spoke for the first time feelingly.) Perhaps you have no idea of the meaning of grief, and if you have not I hope you never will."

"Thank you, I can only wish you the same. Now we must contribute to the Harpist; it ought to be a shower of gold. Viscount Lyvil first:" and Ida moved away toward the spot where the Viscount stood, and a handsome collection was soon made, sufficient to awaken joy in the heart of the fair Harpiste.

" Ask her residence and her name; tell her to return to-morrow," were Ida's commands, and she once more returned to Ferdinand Beresford. A moment only elapsed, when she quitted his side, and for the remainder of the evening a beautiful blushing rosebud decked her bosom. It was not more lovely than those favorite children of Flora usually are, but Ida had never possessed one so inestimably valuable before.

Ida Ilderton was devotedly attached to Ferdinand Beresford; she loved him better than aught else besides, and to win his esteem she would have resigned all her wealth and power; and of this Ferdinand felt quite conscious, and not a little proud. In the society of Ida he seemed pleased but reserved, and a languid melancholy stole over him, which added a degree of calm repose and thoughtful grace, of which those around him were bereft

Mrs. Ilderton had long and silently seen Ida's growing attachment and determined, by slow degrees, to find the exact point at which it had arrived; for Ferdinand was scarcely a desirable match for her daughter, his father being the seventh son of a duke, and himself the youngest of nine children, all depending upon their grandfather's patronage for appointments in the army and navy, or small lucrative places about court; and by dint of being seen in the Duchess' carriage in Hyde Park, and introduced at the different drawing-rooms, Ferdinand's three sisters were titled and tolerably rich ladies, who all united in saying he was too handsome for anything but a secretary, and that he accordingly became, with a salary of five hundred pounds per annum, but no better prospects. This did not suit Mrs. Ilderton's projects for her child, and she determined to separate the lovers; therefore, on the night in question, she believed she had seen sufficient to warrant her

so doing.

It was late before the party broke up, and as Ida received the farewell of Ferdinand Beresford, for a moment his reserve was thrown off; he caught the little white hand and pressed it to his lips, and left the delighted maiden to ponder on this his first act of love.

The sun had past the meridian before Ida arose, and putting on a simple robe, threw herself on her couch to breakfast alone. Many new feelings crowded on her heart, and she sank her head on the soft satin pillow to dream; they were dreams of bliss, of love, and of Ferdinand Beresford. The voice of her maid aroused her with the intelligence that the Harpiste had returned according to her orders, and waited any commands Miss Ilderton wished to give.

" Bring her hither," said Ida; "I will converse with her, it will amuse me; and let her harp be brought also;

I wish to hear her sing and with a ready alacrity the waiting woman obeyed, and in a moment the Harpiste stood in the luxurious boudoir of Ida. There was a great difference between the beauty of the young no- blesse , and the striking face of the wandering child of song; it was not a beauty to be painted and hung in a print-shop, to attract the notice of passers-by, nor to be sculptured for its fine regularity. No; it was a beauty in which shone mind, and feeling, and firmness, combined with easy good nature and vigorous thought Her face was shaded by a white cap, with large borders falling on her dark cheeks, and her hair, of glossy chesnut, was braided beneath; her forehead was high, and her eyes of dark blue. They had once been merry, laughing eyes; but their look of joy was gone; and save when she smiled with a strange, brilliant smile, her face wore no joyous expression. Her dress was of coarse blue merino, and a large shawl of red and black plaid completed her attire. Yet she stood before Ida, not boldly but easily, and seemed to look without any feelings of admiration or wonder on the luxury

which surrounded the heiress, while Ida addressed her in pure Parisian as follows:—

" You are a native of la belle France; is it not so?

"Yes, my lady," was the timid reply.

"Have you been long away from home—long in England?"

" I have no home, my lady; I have been three weeks in this land," was the answer. " I have not had a home for years; this is the only relic now remaining (and she placed her hand on her harp) and it gains me my bread."

"You are not self-taught," asked Ida; "you play too well for that How long have you practised the harp?"

" I learnt my art from one of the finest masters France possessed, and it is years since I commenced. I do not play so well as I used; my fingers seem stiff and less pliant than formerly. So many things are recalled to my mind by the tones of my harp, that sometimes I would rather weep than sing."

" Have you a father or mother with you?" asked Ida feelingly; for she felt interested in the girl.

" I have neither now, my lady. A mother I never knew; a father I hod, but his love is forfeited, and I am quite alone."

" Why did you leave your home, poor exile I was your father's displeasure the cause? Have you no friends here; are you quite alone?" asked Miss Ilderton, with tears glistening in her eyes.

" Oh, it is a long story, my lady, and you will condemn me I know. I have not met with such kindness for years, as I now meet with from you. No one has

manifested kindness for me; I am an outcast, wretched and alone."

" Sit down there," said Ida, pointing to a velvet ottoman beside her; " and if it grieves you cease to speak of your home. It is sufficient to know you are happy. I feel for you; I pity you much."

" Oh, no, dearest lady, I will tell you all," said the Harpist, " lest thoughts of my unworthiness to receive your kindness steal into your bosom, and thus once more I become friendless, even as before I heard your voice. My father was tutor in the family of an Italian nobleman, and alternately resided in Italy and France, till, having completed the education of his pupils, he left them, married, and retired to the environs of Paris. I was his only child. My mother died shortly after my birth, and I grew up till the age of ten years with him alone. It was then he sent me to Paris to school, and there I learnt the harp, which now gains me my livelihood, and became the favorite pupil of a too-indulgent master. Could he see me here, the abject creature I am, would he recognize in the homeless wanderer the once happy Lucille Beranger?

No, he could not, would it were but a dream. I remained five years in Paris, and then my father recalled me, and I returned home. Oh! how well I remember that evening, when the diligence entered my native village, and I saw my father's cottage peeping out among the trees, the summer sun setting behind the hills, and the roses twining round the casements of my long-remembered home. Beneath the porch stood my father, and beside him a person I had never seen. I thought at first it was one of his old pupils, come to visit their kind tutor; but the face was not Italian, and the smile was too sweet to be ought but English. As soon as the diligence stopped, my father rushed forward and embraced me, and led me into the house, followed by his strange companion. 'This is Mademoiselle Beranger,' said the stranger, stepping forward ; we wanted only the presence, of a lady here to complete our happiness. We shall be too happy with Mademoiselle Lucille.' I saw my father's eyes glisten, and he smiled upon him; then, turning to me,

introduced him as his pupil, and passed a high eulogium on his kindness and talent It seemed that my father felt lonely after I left him, and had become melancholy and desponding, when one of his former pupils came to him, and introduced an English lady of good connections but limited fortune, and asked him to educate her youngest son.

My father willingly complied, and the young Englishman was to remain till his education was completed. All the morning did my father devote to study, and daring that period I sat alone in my little boudoir, happy as ever young maiden could be, till I heard the door of the library shut, and I knew the hours of study were over. Then I listened for the sound of footsteps, and with a joyous heart I used to hear my fathers pupil come silently into my room, and hang over my chair, with some offering of flowers and fruit for chere Lucille. He gave me birds, and books, and plants, and all that could make my home happier. At length—time passed on rapidly—his education was finished, and the day was appointed for him to leave. It was the first grief I had ever known, and I shut myself up in my room alone to weep. The day on which the letter came to recall him I saw him not, nor my father, for he had gone to see some friends at a distance, and the servant told me his pupil was in the library reading, and we remained apart the whole day. Toward evening my heart began to break with grief, and I laid my head on the table, and sobbed aloud. I could not bear to lose my kind companion, and I wept with passionate earnestness at his coldness—till I felt a hand laid affectionately on my shoulder, and I saw him standing looking attentively in my face.

" Spare me the recital of all that passed then," cried Lucille, raising her clasped hands to Ida imploringly. " Suffice it to say, that in six months he promised to return and claim me as his bride, and bear me to these shores. He left us, and six months passed away and he came not; I heard nought of him. My life became a burden, and my heart was breaking, and I came to the rash determination to quit my home in search of my faithless lover.

" It was a lovely moonlight night, cloudless and starry; I could not sleep, and I felt my brain grow dizzy with suffering; my head burnt with pain. It was the work of a moment to throw my shawl round me, and take with me my beloved harp, and before dawn I was far away from my father, an alien and a beggar."

Here Lucille paused, as though the intensity of her feelings would not allow her to proceed, and sat weeping silently till Ida fondly took her hand in hers, and asked if she had found her lover.

" Oh, no, no; if I had I would not be here; I would go back to my poor old father and ask his forgiveness. I would bear that faithless one to our peaceful home, which for two long years I have not beheld, and in quietude pass the remainder of my life."

" Can you tell me the name of your false lover? Do you remember him perfectly now!" said Ida softly. " Tell me, and if I can aid you in finding him I will."

" Remember him! Oh, I shall remember him until I die," sobbed Lucille, " and on my heart is engraved the name of Ferdinand Beresford."

A change passed over the beautiful countenance of Ida, and a deadly paleness overspread her cheeks and lips. She could not speak; and save the convulsive throbbing of the veins on her marble brow, there was no sign of life. The shock had come suddenly but surely, and Ida was from that hour a changed creature.

Lucille stood by her for a moment in silence, till a thought seemed to cross her brain, she sank down beside her, clasping her hands in agony, and hoarse with emotion exclaimed, " You know him ! you have seen him! Oh, restore him to me, my long-lost Ferdinand! Give me but a hope that I may yet see him once more, and I die in peace! Oh, say he is not wedded; I

cannot bear suspense—my heart is breaking—I beseech you tell me all—shall we ever meet again?"

In a wild manner Lucille uttered these incoherent expressions, and Ida, with an effort at self-control, rose up to answer her enquiries:—" Return to-night at nine, and you shall meet Mr. Beresford," was all she could say. Her heart seemed filled with restrained emotion, and she again sunk back on her couch. To describe the joy of Lucille is impossible; her burst of deep gratitude to Ida: her ardent love for her old companion; and her sorrow for the grief she had occasioned her poor father; all seemed in turn to animate her bosom; but even there a tender regard for Ida predominated, and she looked with an anguish on the woe she had caused.

It was not for some time that Lucille could be prevailed on to leave her new-found friend; but, at the earnest entreaties of Ida to leave her to repose, she at length consented. Ida lay still in bitter misery; her heart's best hope was gone. To know he had loved another was madness; to believe he still loved her was a torturing agony; and Ida allowed herself to doubt he remembered that Lucille Beranger existed; but she was deceiving herself: Ferdinand Beresford loved with earnest devotedness his betrothed Lucille. He was not to blame; he had acted nobly to his parents; he had told them he loved his tutor's daughter, and resolved, on attaining his majority, to wed her. He was answered by taunts, threats, and revilings; forbidden to hold the least communication with his betrothed, and finally thrown, by the consummate art of his sister, Lady Vesey, into the society of Ida Ilderton, to win his thoughts from the young French maiden. All their efforts failed; he burst their chains asunder, but it was too late. The letter announcing to Lucille his faithfulness, his continued love, reached its destination two days after she had quitted her home, and was never answered. He wrote again, thrice, but no tidings came; till at length he received his letter back, with the mournful news that his old preceptor was dead, and his once happy daughter a voluntary wanderer in other lands. Here all intercourse ceased, and Ferdinand Beresford mourned over his faithless Lucille.

It was impossible for him to recognize in the wandering Harpiste his favorite companion; her voice bore no resemblance to that of the young French girl; it was mournful and sad; that of Mademoiselle Beranger was glad and joyous; while in her disguising attire, under the clouds of night, he could not suppose for one instant the lovely face and sylph-like form of Lucille were concealed; but still the tones of the harp recalled her to his mind; and it was the knowledge of the anguish he himself had endured, which prompted him to wish happiness to Ida. Little did he dream he was the being on whom her happiness depended; he loved her as a brother loves, but nothing more.

It was night, dark, gloomy, desolate night to such hearts as Ida's; but it was day—bright joyous sunshine —to the expectant Lucille. The lamp shone brightly, the jewels sparkled gaily, and, harp in hand, she stood beneath the centre chandelier of the magnificent drawing-room, where Ida sat in desolation, to meet for the last time Ferdinand, her idolized Ferdinand. It was late when he entered, with a smile on his lip and a sparkle in his eye, as elegant, as polished as a monarch need be; and as the first tone of his voice fell on the ear of Lucille, she sprung forward, and in a moment the parted lovers were closely wrapped in each other's embrace. I pass over the scene so painful to Ida; to feel she loved, but in vain; and in despair to hear the words of love; to hear the tale of long-remembered days gone by, was more than Ida's heart could bear, and she could only bless them and bid them farewell.

Three weeks after this a marriage appeared in the " Morning Post," celebrated first at St. James's, Piccadilly, and afterward at the Catholic Chapel, Warwick Street, Golden Square: it was the marriage of Ferdinand Beresford and Lucille Beranger; and immediately below that were these words:—" Died of a rapid decline, Ida, the beloved and only child of Horace Ilderton, in the nineteenth year of her age." She was dead ; her heart was broken; and in the long white fingers, cold and stiff, lay the faded rose-bud, given by one who was that day wedded.

THE MEETING.

By S. H. ANDERSON.

Harry Morton was the accepted suitor of Mary Wilson. Young, ardent and enthusiastic, he had bent the knee in adoration to her superior charms, he had worshipped at the shrine of beauty in all its pristine splendor, and now he was happy. And Mary was all that the most fastidious in female beauty could wish. She was one of those quiet and retiring spirits that we sometimes meet with in our journey through life that captivate us not so much by their beauty as by a certain indefinable spell. Harry Morton had first met her at the house of a mutual friend, and at once was struck with the ease and elegance of her manners, as well as by the rich stores of thought that sparkled in her conversation. Casual visits soon gave way to others of a more formal nature, and as he had no direct intimation that his calls were intrusive, he continued them. Some times he fancied that the cheek of Mary was suffused with a deeper blush when he pressed her hand, but a second thought would check the illusion. Hope still, however, bid him not despair, and showed him the future bright and cheering.

It was a beautiful evening in the first month of summer; the moon was shining clear and silvery from out the blue expanse. The stars were one by one becoming visible to the eye, as they took their places in the heavens. Scarce a breath disturbed the stillness that reigned around. All nature was clad in smiles as fair as a bridal. Allured by the beauty of the evening, to enjoy the pleasures of a stroll, I called at the residence of Harry, and in answer to my summons was told that Mr. Morton had just gone out As I was of opinion that the extent of his visit would be the residence of Mr. Wilson, I bent my way thither. Before I reached the house I was surprised to meet Harry returning. If I was surprised at the extreme shortness of the visit, I was

still more so at the answers that Harry returned to my various enquiries. As I was on the most familiar terms with him, no invitation was necessary as an excuse for me to enter with him ; and it was there that I heard from his own lips, the narrative of the occurrences that made so deep an impression on his feelings, on the evening in question. He had called at the house of Mr. Wilson, and was told that Miss Wilson had gone out. The mere annunciation of that fret was the means of arousing his feelings, as he was aware that this was the evening that he usually visited her. This circumstance made the events doubly suspicious; but the matter was made more so as he perceived lying on the sofa a gentleman's glove. This was enough —there was a rival, and that without his knowledge. Mary had concealed the feet, and with a motive—and that motive in his mind was the fact that she loved another.

He was deaf to reason on the subject. All the facts of the occurrence were stampt on his mind—and all the logic I was master of had no effect I left him on that night in no enviable state of mind—I was confident that there was some misunderstanding of the occurrence that made the head and front of the offending, but how to remove it was the question.

The difficulty between the two lovers remained as yet unadjusted. Since the evening in question Harry Morton had not visited the residence of Mary. The fact was made the gossip of the friends of the parties. At first Mary was surprised at the conduct of Harry, and sought on interview. But when she saw the determined part that Harry was acting in avoiding a meeting, her pride took the alarm, and she also avoided all those places where the possibility was she would meet him. Things were in this state when I received an invitation to attend an evening party, to be given at the house of a mutual friend of the lovers. I instantly perceived in this a fitting opportunity for an interview, and possibility of a reconciliation.

The evening came, and with it the collection of fair forms and happy faces, and none were more so to the casual observer than Mary Wilson. She was the life of the little circle of which she made the centre. The laugh and jest

went round, and she was the first in all . But to me the frequent and uneasy glances at the door, gave the intimation that some one was missing from that circle most prized by her. At length Mr. Morton was announced. As he extended the customary civilities of the evening to Mary, I saw, that despite her pride, the color came in deeper tints on her cheek; but it was past, and she was again in the happiest mood. He in his turn was earnestly engaged in conversation with some ladies. But in his nervous and uneasy manner was to be seen the conflict that was going on within. The frequent pause in the conversation—the sidelong glances —the fits of obstruction—all told that all was not right. Singing being proposed, and Harry having being an adept therein, he was necessarily called upon for the exercise of his abilities.

After the song had went round, a laughing girl proposed a duet, and Harry and Mary were instantly named as the parties. At the mention of this Harry was evidently much agitated, and various were the methods he tried to evade the matter altogether; but the company insisted, and he at length consented. Mary was now to pass the ordeal. She feared that her voice and manner would betray the secret, and that all would read the issue. But the time had come for action and she prepared. Harry seated himself by her side, and they commenced. The song selected was that familiar old one, the "Banks of the Blue Moselle," and one that they had often sung in the days that were past. The voice of Mary faltered at the onset, but she rallied, and the song was ended. Harry was scarcely less moved than Mary. A train of old associations came crowding back upon his memory, and the evening passed off, at least to them, without pleasure. Mary soon after pleaded indisposition, and left the apartment. When she was gone, the spirits and life of Harry seemed gone also, and soon after he also took his leave and retired. As he was passing through the hall previous to leaving the house, he was surprised to encounter Mary also leaving the house, and without an attendant.

This fact, as connected with the visible alteration in her manners on the evening after the circumstances connected with the song, threw a new light

on the mind of Harry. The whole truth flashed upon him at once. He had wronged her, and she had not been guilty. And now she was ill. His course was instantly taken. To cross the hall and proffer his attendance was the event of the next moment. At first she hesitated, but he insisted, and she consented. To his kind and solicitious enquiries after her health, she returned the usual answers, and the distance to her residence was passed in comparative silence. On arriving at the house of Mr. Wilson, he entered in answer to the usual invitation. Silence reigned for some time after they were seated. Harry was the first to break the charm that seemed to bind them. Advancing to the window where Mary was seated, he said,

"Mary can you forgive me" and then seating himself by her side, and taking her hand, he exclaimed, " I have been hasty—perhaps cruel, but be the past forgotten, and the future shall make the amends."

" Henry," replied Mary, and she fixed her eyes upon him as if to read his thoughts. " What has been the cause of this? Surely I have said or done nothing that would justify such a course."

Henry related all the occurrences of the evening that had led to this affair—the fact of his having called—of her absence—of the glove without the fellow. At this Mary left the room and soon returned, bearing in her hand the identical glove—but the countepart was in the other on which was the name of Henry Morton. One look was all that was necessary to convince him of the truth of Mary and his own rashness, and seizing the hand of Mary, he exclaimed,

" Mary can you forget this—I see it all, fool that I was not to do so before—forgive but this once and I will—"

"No protestations," said Mary, who had totally recovered her spirits by this happy explanation. " I will forgive it all—but remember, Henry, no more times of absence, no more jealousy."

"No, no, Mary—my life for it," continued Henry. "I have had quite enough of that."

When Henry left the house that night he was the happiest man in the world; and Mary! the rose on her cheek blooms brightly as before, and none have had cause to regret the fruits of the Meeting.

✯

pag. 99.

THE INDIAN BRIDE.

By Mrs. FORD.

CHAPTER I.

The Rajah Doulah was famed throughout all the East for the magnificence of his court and the extent of his domains. But he possessed one treasure which made him even more celebrated—an only daughter, whose beauty was the theme of applause from Ispahan to Pekin. She was said to be purer than the blossoms of the Agla, and sweeter than the fairest roses of Sheeraz; while her voice rivalled in harmony the song of the bulbul.

Many had been the suitors for the Rajah's daughter, but none of them were deemed sufficiently powerful by the divan to be worthy of her hand. At length the eldest son of the Rajah of Auranzal appeared as a suitor for her hand. He was rich, brave, and wealthy, the heir of a mighty prince, and himself a soldier of renown. The Arab steed which he rode was said to be

fleeter than the fleetest in the stables of the Lord of Stamboul; and the scymetar which he carried at his side was studded with jewels which would have ransomed a Sultan. The divan listened to his proposals favorably; and the fair Haidai heard of him, in the seclusion of her harem, with a smile of approval. The Rajah gave his word to the suitor, that when another year should have elapsed and Haidai grown into womanhood, for as yet she was but a girl, she should become his bride. With a glad heart the young prince left the capital, followed by his gorgeous train of spahis, and returned to his father's court to await the expiration of the year.

The young Haidai was only a child when all this had been arranged, but she was at that age when a few months work a great change in the character, and ere the year was up she had grown into a woman. She had never seen her future lord, and as the period of her nuptials approached, she began to be curious to behold him ; but the seclusion in which she had been brought up, and the implicit obedience which the daughters of her house were taught to yield to their parent and monarch, prevented this curiosity from attaining much strength. Still there were indefinite yearnings in the heart of the young princess—yearnings such as all feel, in the morning of life, for sympathy and love.

The preparations for the nuptials now began, and both capitals resounded with the fame of the unrivalled magnificence of the approaching ceremony. Rich shawls from Cashmere, the rarest birds of Persia, the finest muslins of the Deccan, diamonds from Golconda, and pearls from the Indian sea, were said to form part of the gifts for the bride; while the citizens of her father's capital talked of the superb white elephants, the housings of velvet and gold, the train of slaves, and the other costly preparations for the cavalcade which was to convey the Rajah's daughter to her future lord.

Secluded from the bustle of the town, Heidai dwelt, during these preparations, in the little summer palace where she had spent her childhood. It was a beautiful structure, shaded by fragrant trees, situated on

the side of a mountain lake, and embosomed in a garden of the most rare and delicate flowers. Birds of golden plumage sang all night long around this enchanted bower, and the stars shimmered soft and silvery in the placid lake. In the heat of noonday fountains tinkled in the marble courts, diffusing a delicious freshness around. Here Haidai spent her hours in listening to the songs of her slaves, or indulging in vague dreams of love and happiness; and often she caught herself wondering whether her future lord would realize the vague ideal beauty which she had longed for in her visions.

Only a month yet elapsed to the nuptials when a message came from the Rajah for his daughter to visit the city in order to select for herself dresses of the richest pattern for the approaching fetes. The distance was but a few hour's journey, and a troop of spahis was sent to escort her, more as a mark of her rank than to defend her from attack, for such a thing was deemed preposterous in the peaceable dominions of the Rajah.

Disappointed love, however, will venture any expedient to ensure revenge; and a neighboring prince who had vainly sought for the hand of Haidai, hearing of the contemplated journey, resolved to possess himself of the young beauty. Accordingly he mustered together his guard, and avoiding the open parts of his neighbor's country, penetrated unknown into the very heart of the province, and waylaid the cavalcade and spahis, in a narrow pass near the foot of the mountain, on which the summer palace of the Rajah stood.

The litter of Haidai was slowly descending the hill side, and the young princess was laughing at a sally by one of her slaves, when the practised eye of the captain of her guard detected the spear heads of the ambuscade through the trees in front Consternation instantly took possession of her followers, and especially of herself, for the object of the attack was at once comprehended, and the leader of the assailants was famed for his cruelty, outrages, and hideous appearance. Haidai shuddered when she thought of him as her future lord, and exhorted her comparatively small troop of spahis

to defend her to the last They swore so to do, or at least to keep the enemy engaged until her slaves should bear her off by a bye-road to a place of safety—for the country was studded by the fortresses of her father, and it would be impossible to travel many leagues in any direction without falling in with one or more of them.

" By the beard of the Prophet," said the captain of the spahis, "her highness shall be saved, even if we all die in her defence—ho! Allah shews the way—charge the mauraders."

Down, like an avalanche from the bill, swept that dauntless troop; but like a rock in the valley the mailed mauraders met them, so that the inconsiderable force of the young princess's guard was broken into fragments. Long and desperately they fought; but all in vain; for the overpowering numbers of the assailants hemmed them in on every side, hewing them down like rushes that the north winds prostrate along the banks of the Indus. The little troop was soon cut in pieces, and the litter of the princess overtaken. Her few personal slaves were slaughtered in cold blood, and she found herself in the power of her captor without a single one of her train left even to perform the necessary services due to one of her high rank.

## CHAPTER II.

We shall not attempt to describe the emotions of Haidai when her captor approached her. All of evil which she had heard respecting him was more than verified by his appearance. He had already passed the meridian of his existence, and the crimes of a long life had left themselves indelibly impressed on his countenance, which was forbidding to the last degree. She shrank instinctively from his presence.

"Fair daughter of the sun," said he, affecting a gallantry to which he was a stranger, "the fortune of war Has placed you in my hands—and henceforth

you will be the light of my eyes, the flower of my harem. Long have I loved you, and now it shall be my task only to do your bidding."

" If such be your wish," said Haidai, with an energy. she thought would have been a stranger to her nature, " conduct me to my father's court."

" Nay—by the Kabala—not so," said heir captor, with a hideous smile, " the fountains of my harem pine for your presence."

The captive princess saw in the exulting look of her captor the confirmation of her worst fears, and she sank back on her cushions with a shudder.

All that day they retreated through secluded ways toward the frontiers of the province, and at nightfall were almost clear of the dominions of the Rajah. As Haidai saw the hills where she had spent her childhood fading in the distance, her heart grew cold within her, and the faint hope which she had entertained of a rescue died away, until at length she was left in total despair.

Suddenly, however, she heard a commotion among her capturers, and soon perceived that they were forming in the rear of the litter as if to protect it from assault. Could succor have arrived? Her heart beat quicker at the supposition. She was not left long in doubt, for in a few minutes she heard distinctly the clash of steel, and all the tumult of a fight. Instantaneously two or three horsemen dashed back toward the litter, and ordered it to retreat at an accelerated pace, by a bye- road apparently hidden from general observation, so much did it look like a mere indentation in the hill. The bearers plunged into the dark narrow lane on the word, and directly were completely hidden from observation, while the shouts of the combatants, and the clashing of their sabres grew fainter on the ear. The sudden hope which had been aroused in Haidai's bosom by the appearance of succor now gave way; her despair became uncontrollable; and for the first time since her capture she gave way to a flood of tears.

She was recalled to her recollection at length by the sound as of some one dashing through a neighboring jungle, and on the instant she beheld a horsemen emerge at full speed into the narrow lane, followed by three or four spahis. She saw at once they had come to her rescue, for they charged instantly on the bearers, one or two of whom they cut down in a twinkling, the rest only saving themselves by flight. In less time than we have taken to describe it the field had been cleared, and Haidai remained alone with her rescuers. The scene had passed so quick that it seemed like a dream. Their leader instantly advanced toward her. With the instinctive modesty of her sex she drew her veil still closer around her, yet not so close but she could notice the manly form and gallant bearing of the officer who now approached her.

" Will your highness," said he, " entrust yourself to us—my spahis shall bear you to the main body, which has, I trust, driven your captors from the field. Luckily' I saw you borne down this narrow bye-lane, and came to your rescue."

There was something so musical in the deep rich tone of the speaker—something so deferential in his demeanor that the princess was taken by surprise, and remained silent for a moment. At length she spoke.

"You have won the thanks of the Rajah, and of," and she hesitated, she knew not why, and then continued, " myself for your gallantry. Be assured we shall not forget it—ask any boon—promotion, wealth, anything —and I will ensure it to you."

Hit is enough to have saved you," said the officer, with a devotion the princess could not fail to perceive, and yet a devotion tempered with such humility that she could not fine! offence at it. She blushed deeply at his words, but made no reply, only motioning her hand to signify that die was willing to submit herself to his care.

The spahis at once assumed the place of bearers, and the little cavalcade moved briskly back toward the road they had left. As they approached it they heard the clattering of horses' hoofs, and soon found themselves surrounded by a troop of cavalry which Haidai recognized as belonging to her father. Immediately the troops parted, and an officer approached, whom she knew as one in high rank at her father's court. In measured and stately terms he assured her of her safety. But when he had finished his pompous harangue, and she looked around for her real deliverer, she found that he was no longer to be seen.

## CHAPTER III.

Who can fathom the thousand shapes which Love assumes, or the ten thousand avenues through which he finds his way to the heart? Haidai hitherto had never loved, her heart had been as free as her own mountain air, and she had yielded passively to her father's wish for her marriage, as much because she knew nothing of the passion as because such was the custom of her nation. Now, however, she regarded her approaching union in a different light. Even since the night when the unknown young soldier had rescued her from the hands of her captors, she had dwelt upon his image with an interest which was a puzzle even to.herself. And yet, though she made many efforts, she could not drive him from her heart. His manly figure was always before her. His low deep musical voice was ever ringing in her ears. She saw him constantly in her memory, as he appeared when he approached her, after having saved her from the hands of her captor. That look of lofty courage tempered with deferential awe recurred to her when sitting among her slaves, or idling the afternoon away on her divan. Was she not in love?

It may seem strange, but Haidai had never since seen or heard of her deliverer. Yet when we call to mind the seclusion in which an oriental princess spends her days our wonder diminishes. Haidai had ventured

indeed once or twice a hint respecting him, but she found that her father's high officer had taken all the credit to himself, and that the merit of her deliverer was in fact unknown. Thus discouraged in her enquiries, the princess .hesitated to ask further; especially since the emotions of love which already had possession of her bosom, made her shrink with instinctive delicacy from questions which might betray her feelings.

Love nursed in secret has no cure, since it lives on the ideal perfection of its object, and that ideal perfection is never destroyed by the reality. Thus the love of Haidai increased until it had attained an intensity which threatened to consume her being. Her usual amusements failed to yield her pleasure; she no longer smiled when her slaves danced around her; but she would sit for hours on her cushions, wrapped in a reverie which nothing seemed sufficiently powerful to dissipate. And daily she pined away. Her melancholy was increased by the approach of her union, since she no longer had a heart to bestow on her future husband. Oh! what would she have given could she have remained in her father's palace, faithful in heart to him she loved, faithful until death should perhaps unite her to him forever.

Yes! she loved an unknown being, perhaps only a common officer in her father's troops. Yet whatever his rank might be, she felt assured he was by nature noble. That one look at his manly form had left a conviction on her of his loftiness of soul which nothing could dissipate.

Her father noticed her increasing despondency, but attributed it to the natural feelings of one about to leave her home, and enter upon a new and untried sphere. He therefore only rallied her on her melancholy, and strove to dissipate it by describing to her the magnificent preparations which were making for her in the palace of her future lord. Ah! little did her father know how his words increased the agony of her heart.

At length the fatal day came when the princess was to set forth to her affianced husband. Gorgeous was the cavalcade, glad were the shouts of the

populace, and splendid were the jewels in which she was decked—but she went forth like a lamb to the sacrifice, and she wept amid all her magnificence. Her attendants strove to console her but it was in vain. Oh ! how she wished, as she drew nearer to the end of her journey, that she had told all to her father, and thrown herself on his mercy: but a moment's reflection convinced her that it would have been useless, and that the Rajah would have deemed it madness for her to love a common soldier of his army. So the heart-broken Haidai could only weep more and more bitterly.

It was a golden evening when the cavalcade reached the plain before the capital of her husband's father, where the most magnificent preparations had been made to greet the bride. A costly pavilion, blazing with jewels and gold, had been pitched just outside the gates of the city. This pavilion was surrounded by high officers of state, and troops of gallant cavalry, their bright sabres glistening in the setting sun. A vast concourse of people filled up the outskirts of the crowd, while triumphal music filled the air with harmony. It seemed indeed as if the whole city had been poured forth to greet their future queen—as, if all that power and splendor and wealth could do, had been done, to render her reception worthy of her peerless beauty. But all this magnificence only increased the agony of Haidai's heart, by calling up more forcibly the conviction of her sacrifice.

As the cavalcade proceeded, the troops around the pavilion parted, leaving a passage for the bride and her attendants up to the door. With trembling steps Haidai alighted, as the cymbals struck up, and her favorite attendant whispered in her ear that her princely lover awaited her just within the door of the pavilion. She dared not look up, but mechanically obeying the intimation, she moved forward, amid the sound of music, and the shouts of the populace. She reached the door of the pavilion—she tottered across the threshold—but when she had gone thus far her attendant suddenly left her side, and she became conscious that the curtain, which closed the entrance to the pavilion, had been dropped behind her. It needed nothing to tell her that she was alone with her future lord; and she felt as if she would sink

fainting to the earth. As a quick foot- step met her ear she made a last effort to look up. What caused that cry of mingled wonder and delight? Why did she, who had so lately shrunk from this interview, spring forward to the arms of one who approached her? Why—but that she recognized in her princely lord the unknown soldier who had rescued her in the pass Djeerade.

Our tale is done. It requires little explanation. The young prince had more than once visited the Rajah's court in disguise, in order that he might behold bis future bride; and it was while on one of those visits that intelligence had been received of her capture. He joined the party sent to her rescue as a volunteer and incognito; and we have seen how he succeeded in personally saving her from the hands of her rapacious captor. It was easy for him to disguise his connexion with the expedition, which he did.

That night the two lovers sat together in the palace of the prince, with hands linked in each others, gazing out on the moonlit river, that lay like a sheet of silver, beneath the balcony. With her bridal gems around her, and the light of happiness in her eyes, Haidai sat listening to her lover's narration, repeated for the twentieth time. And often as he told how her beauty had won his heart long ago, her cheek would flush, and with a smile of gladness wreathing her lovely mouth, she would turn for a moment from her lover's face, and look out across the sleeping waters. But it would be only for a moment Had you seen her then, you would have said indeed that mortal painter could not do justice to the surpassing loveliness of the Indian Bride.

103.

THE OUTCAST.

by GEORGE W. BURCH.

It was a dark night in the dreary month of November —the season when summer, with all its vernal richness, has but lately disappeared—when nature puts off the green attire which clothes each tree with waving foliage, and every field with verdure clad was blooming soft and fresh, imparting to the soul its own still smiling joyousness—when the breath of Heaven travels onward, like the bee, and gathers sweets from every flower, wafting to the sense its grateful odors, mild, salubrious and free. But now, how changed! The face of nature late so smiling, has turned to deepest gloom; the chill wind sweeps along in fitful gusts, and sighs its mournful notes through every bough where late the merry rustle of each leaf was music to the ear.

The tall trees yield obedient to the blast, and bow their stately heads in solemn grandeur, as the rude tempestuous gale drives on its ceaseless course, and makes each bough to groan and writhe as though in very agony beneath its sway; the dry leaves by force impelled, in myriads scour the plain, then suddenly whirling upward into air, are scattered over the face of the earth. Dark clouds that veil the heavens in their misty vapor, in quick succession course each other beneath the sky, obscuring every star and shutting out the moon's soft light, whose dim pale face, just visible between each gloomy mass, at intervals darts forth a solitary jay with just enough of light to show the rugged scene below —whose wild and cheerless aspect meets the view, awakening that chill sense of wintry desolation that strikes the heart with misery indefinable.

Ah! well for those whose lucky stars have blest them with a home—a refuge from the chilling blast, whose moaning, melancholy voice proclaims, in whispers loud, the misery without, and hark! the pattering raindrops, driven by the rude winds down the quivering casements, trickle fast, while every gust with mighty rushing sound, whirls past and shakes the fabric to its base.

Now, there was one who, lone, sad, and slow, went her weary way along the

barren moor, an outcast. A ruthless sire had driven her forth to seek another home, and she, poor helpless one, without a roof to shelter that sweet babe who nestles to her breast, unconscious of its mother's woes. She turned her looks to Heaven; there all was dark; and when she prayed, the rough winds choked her voice; but still her heart was there, and she implored some timely succor for the little one whose sobs broke forth as every chilling blast defied the mother's fond protection.

" Ah!" she cried; "my father, was it well to thrust me forth, at this dark hour, with the poor babe who never harmed thee; 'twas cruel—yes;" and she wept as though her heart would break.

Awhile she lingered, not knowing where to turn her steps, 'till at last she saw, far in the distance, a faint light that glimmered like a star, and pointed out some habitation; this she followed with trembling steps, and eagerly strained her eyes amid the gloom to catch from whence it came; this cheered her heart,and she travelled on toward the spot with newly-awakened hopes.

Now the winds abated, and soon the clouds poured the rain in torrents forth, and, like a deluge came the mountain stream, foaming, and swelling as it rolled its downward course from rock to rock—uprooting trees whose branches swept by the hill, went crashing on, and with the waters bounding over each craggy point, descended to the vale. Here all was dark; but soon the hollow rush of waves, as the river burst its banks, struck on the wanderer's ear. She turned, and as the moon shot forth one solitary ray, espied with horror-stricken gaze, the shining waters bearing on her steps with rapid haste.

She clasped her babe with strong convulsive eagerness, and flew, for fear impelled her course, as on her footsteps now the quiet encroaching torrent gained; yet on she went, and still the tide pursued; she paused for lack of breath, then on again; fear lent her wings, until at last her waning strength

could bear no more; she sank, still with her babe, that now had stilled its cries, and on its mother's beating heart reposed unconscious of its coming doom.

" Ah, mercy!" so she cried, " to perish thus; my babe, thou'lt share thy helpless mother's fate; sleep on—there —yes, soon to sleep in death. Thy father, too—O, could he sec us now; but I forgive him—yes, may God forgive him too." There was a pause—the interval of a moment —then a rushing sound of many waters, and the mother and her infant, swept by the boiling surge, were hurrying on to dark eternity.

I could not tell all the agony she felt—all the silent anguish of despair—the throbbing of the heart—the grasping at every straw or slender twig that floated by —the fleeting breath that choked each cry, which rose each moment to her lips, stifled by the wind that made the swollen waters foam and writhe like the waves of a dark tempestuous sea. The owlet from its eyrie driven, screamed and flapped its wings amid the scene of desolation; earth and heaven, all alike seemed veiled in gloom unfathomable, save now and then one long and lingering flash would penetrate the darkness, for a moment lighting up the dismal horrors of the night, and making all its terrors visible.

Not far from where the torrent whirled its rapid flight in headlong fury on, over many a rock whose craggy summit rose above the wave, there stood a cot, whose inmates, sheltered from the raging elements that warred above, were seated in a nook, while on the cheerful hearth a goodly fire blazed, and threw around its welcome light on every face, whose smiling looks proclaimed their heart's content. They listened as each gust swept howling by, and told its tale of cold bleak misery; then pressing closer to the glowing pile, with outstretched ears they listened to the good sire's tale—an aged, venerable man, whose silvery hair, and snow-white beard proclaimed the winter of his life, whose statement was received with eager, simple looks, that told the interest they felt, and showed they were all attentive to his

words.

The old man paused; for, as he spoke a sound now thrice repeated, met his ear, which first he took for that low plaintive moan, the herald of each blast, but now more like the human voice; 't was still—they listened long with breath suppressed—again—the old man started up; a child's low plaintive cry now mingled with the wind, and smote their hearts with a sense of woe. The sire gave the word, and each one, torch in hand, now sallied forth, and plunging into darkness, sought the place from whence the cries arose, and as they neared the spot, the roar of waters rose above the still low wail of agony that grew more feeble at each step. They reached the brink, and casting over the gulf the dickering glare from the torch upheld, espied the infant clinging to its mother's neck, whose snow-white arms were twined around the branches of some fallen tree, whose trunk, impeded in its downward course by some projecting rock, upheld this helpless pair. One daring youth descended from above, by a rope entwined, and plunging in the midst, he struggled with the stream till, by great effort, he achieved his end, and seizing in his brawny arms the mother and her child, the three were drawn to shore.

They bore her lifeless to the cot. One held her babe, whose feeble cries had ceased; they stripped its little form, and chafed its feeble rigid limbs till at last life's current to its heart returned, and every soul was gladdened with its smile. It called, in gentle accents— mother. She, poor hapless one, it seemed was still in death, for yet no signs of life appeared to cheer their eager cares; her lips were closed—and from her lovely brow, pale as the marble, her dark hair strayed in wild profusion to the ground. Her heart was still—no heaving breast betokened life; and as they hung above and gazed upon her beauteous face in wondrous admiration, the big tear started to the old man's eye, whose tears were scarcely ever shed before.

The good wife and her daughters, still with anxious and untiring zeal, applied them to the task through the night, and ere the morning dawned their

tender cares were blessed with that reward for which they toiled; and she, the daughter of misfortune, awoke to life, and awoke to bless them for their pains; and oh! with what a look—with what a heart of thankfulness and love she pressed once more the babe to that fond breast, whose warm affection now gushed forth in gratitude and joy.